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LOVE FRAGMENTS.

[PRICE 2s. 6d.]

LOVE TRACEMENT



LOVE FRAGMENTS.

A SERIES OF LETTERS

NOW FIRST PUBLISHED

BY MR. ROBINSON.

"YE—WHOSE FINE HEARTS WITH PURER PASSIONS GLOW,
AND MELTING NATURE'S GENIAL BALM SUPPLY,
OH! COME—AND, FAITHFUL TO DOMESTIC WOE,
WITNESS ITS PLAINTS, AND SPARE IT SIGH FOR SIGH."

The Elegy.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR J. WALLIS, LUDGATE-STREET,
AND J. SINNS, LEEDS.

M DCC LXXXIII.

LOVE LETTERS

A SERIES OF LETTERS

FROM THE AUTHOR

BY MRS. ROBINSON



"YE—WHOSE FIRST HEARTS WITH PURE PASSIONS GLOW,
AND HEAVING NATURE'S DEEPER BASS REVEAL,
OH! COME—AND, FAITHFUL TO DOMESTIC WOE,
WITHBOLD ITS GRIEVE, AND LOSE IT NOT FOR HIM."

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR J. WATTS, LUDGATE STREET,

AND J. BARNES, ST. MARK'S LANE,

1841.

INTRODUCTION.

(BY THE EDITOR.)

I Believe it is usual for an Editor to hold some Prefatory Discourse with his Readers when about to usher into the world any species of Literature, of which he is, avowedly, the Compiler—and if on such occasions, the fancy is led captive by the success of an innocent deception, the effect is natural, and the Reader agreeably lost in the delusion.—To account, therefore, in some measure

for the appearance of the following Letters, I acknowledge myself to have been happy in the friendship and confidence of the Gentleman who is distinguished therein under the assumed name of "*Cleveland*"—and, perhaps, I exceed the bounds prescribed to me as an Editor, when in this place I take occasion to observe, that in consequence of the fatal issue of a duel into which the warmth of his temper betrayed him a few years since, this worthy youth was driven a self-exile from his native land, and necessitated to fly for protection into the South of France.

The short remnant of time he allotted himself in England, we passed together—and when on the road to
Dover

Dover (for I resolved to see him safely embarked) he put into my hands the manuscript of the present work.—“There,” says he, “my friend will find most of the papers which related to the unhappy affair between myself and that dear departed girl, whose dissolution was hurried on by my unmanly treatment of her—but Heaven” continued he, “is the avenger of injured innocence, and the day of retribution is come.—I dare say the perusal of it will afford you some amusement in a solitary hour.—It is the happiest privilege of humanity to indulge its feelings—take it home with you, and when far distant from the friend that loved you, let it serve as a memento
—quit
“ of

“ of the poor fugitive—I could wish
“ you to digest and arrange the let-
“ ters in some form (for at present
“ they are confusedly folded to-
“ gether) and, perhaps, one time or
“ other, if you should think them
“ worthy of being preserved from
“ oblivion, you may be tempted to
“ send them into the world cor-
“ rected——.” Here he spoke a
language of compliment, and the
subject dropt.

We reached Dover, where a packet
was hired for Ostend; and at length
the moment of separation arrived.—
We stood silent on the Beech—Each
heaved a sigh to the sacrifices of *mis-*
* *taken Honor*—each dropt a tear to
the melting remembrance of Friend-
ship.—

ship.—The sails were unfurling—the
seamen were ready on the deck—
the friend of my bosom stepped on
board, and we parted at the instant
—for ever.

He died in less than a year at
Avignon.

With respect to the papers now
submitted to the Public, and which
have continued ever since in my pos-
session, (although in some places
they have been accidentally injured)
it must suffice to say, that I felt a se-
cret pleasure in perusing them, and
therefore endeavoured to arrange
the whole into method, so as to give my
Readers the best insight into the sto-
ry—

ry—how far I have succeeded, I dare not hazard a conjecture.—I am aware that there will appear a deficiency of incident in the early pages of the work; but when it is considered that I sat down with an intention to transcribe a series of letters which actually passed in real life, and have purposely avoided any elucidations which might have given the story an air of improbability, I trust the error (if it is such) will be overlooked, and the genuine language of the heart preferred to the artificial pages of fiction and romance.—With this confidence I send my book, unpatronized, into the world—and whilst I seek not to deprecate the severity of criticism, by offering the common apology of

“ a

INTRODUCTION.

xi

“ a first attempt,” yet as I avow myself a young and inexperienced Adventurer, it may perhaps justify my claim to that candor which can only be expected from an indulgent Public.

LONDON, OCTOBER, 1782.

LOVE

INTRODUCTION.

"a young man," yet as I know
myself a young and inexperienced
Adventurer, perhaps justly
may claim to that candor which can
only be expected from an indulgent
Public.



LONDON, OCTOBER, 1781.

LOVE

LOVE FRAGMENTS

LETTER I.

TO MR. CLEVELAND,

THERE *---Perfidious---read to thy
confusion---at length the mask is
dropt---thy smoothing, specious arts
have failed thee---HEAVEN's red right
arm is lifted up to punish perjuries like

* Alluding to a letter enclosed, which is suppressed, as the
substance of it appears hereafter.

A

thine,

thine, and VENGEANCE hovers over thy guilty head---Tremble, then, mighty as thou art, nor trust to the security of *thy sex*---'tis insufficient for my wrongs---I am injured---I am desperate.

EMILY B.

Eleven o'clock.

LETTER II.

TO THE SAME.

YES---I *will* hear you---I am *Emily* still---meet me this evening at your own hour in ——— street.

E. B.

One o'clock.

LETTER

LETTER III.

TO THE SAME.

FOOL that I was to put it into the power of such an expert dissembler to add a fresh insult when the measure of my injuries was already so full.---“*Engaged!*”---am I to believe it, Cleveland? shall a cold apology be acceptable at a crisis like this, when my peace of mind for ever is at stake?---No---Sir---these poor subterfuges will avail you little---you must---you shall see me---this night will witness your truth or infidelity---ten---eleven---twelve---any hour---however late---my sister is here and will attend me.

EMILY B.

Half past two.

LOVE FRAGMENTS.

LETTER IV.

TO MISS RAYLEIGH.

O H! Matilda, my friend, is it indeed your signature that I behold to this distracting letter, or is it but a phantom of my disordered mind? Do *you* tell me that he is false, and will deceive me, that I am no longer to listen to the seducing softness of his tongue, no longer indulge the dear idea of being beloved?---In the first violent transports of grief, I hurried to town, and dispatched a note to *your friend*.---Ever ready with his pen, he disarmed my rage, and, irresistibly eloquent, intreated to be heard---my heart, too easily softened, pleaded for the *dear Infidel*, and for a moment forgot to despair---but my tenderness *even then* was abused, nor could

I pre-

I prevail on him to see me this evening, although the time was left to himself.--- Would you believe it *Matilda*? "*he was engaged.---He would meet me at your house at twelve to-morrow*"---the delay was insupportable---I insisted on seeing him to-night, and wrote to this effect, but in vain---his servant, previously instructed for the purpose, gave out that his master was gone from town, and not expected to return till the morning, and here am I left to fill up the intervening hours in tears and lamentations.

Send me back a line, my *Matilda*, and bid me *hope*---tell me you have judged too hastily and *all* may yet be well.--- His heart is naturally generous, and will not suffer him to forsake a poor unhappy girl, whose greatest failing is her unbounded love---have I offended him---have I merited this cruel change? My

flumbering reason is indeed awakened---
 Good God---how have my senses been
 bewildered---what an alternative at this
 moment is before me---how dreadful to
 think of---Matilda, what is to become
 of me?

EMILY B.

LETTER V.

TO MR. SELWYN.

CHARLES---there is a traitor *some-*
where---Friendship, ever confident
 in itself, is not easily alarmed, but,
 when once suffered to *doubt*, suspicion
 involuntarily awakens---I am alone---
 Come to me.

CLEVELAND.

LETTER

LETTER VI.

TO MISS RAYLEIGH.

GO---Steal into your closet, Madam; and convince yourself of the criminality of that heart, which, lost to every sentiment of honor and humanity, could first abuse a generous confidence, and next cruelly seek to triumph over an unhappy martyr of her own sex.---- Charles Selwyn stands acquitted.----He is not yet so infatuated by *Love* as to forget the duties of *Friendship*.

CLEVELAND.

LOVE FRAGMENTS.

LETTER VII.

TO — CLEVELAND, ESQ.

WHENCE, haughty Sir, this bold accusation? Is it to answer some other manœuvre which requires deceit and dissimulation to bring about? No---Cleveland, rather let me renounce all intercourse with you, than continue to countenance deceptions, which, sooner or later, must be detected.----My heart entirely approves of the measure I have taken to warn an unfortunate girl of her impending ills, and prepare her for the worst.

Reflect but a moment, Sir, and be convicted.----How many perjuries may have been prevented----how many artifices spared, which it would otherwise have

have cost you to impose on the unsuspecting victim?---And, after all, could you have continued the delusion long?---could you have effectually wiped away the stain of guilt?

Check, young Sir, this violent impetuosity, and it may yet be in my power to stand forth in your behalf---the friend of *Charles Selwyn* is mine.

MATILDA RAYLEIGH.

LETTER VIII.

TO MR. SELWYN.

WHENCE is it, Charles, that, notwithstanding this external *gayeté de cœur*, there is a *something within me*

A 5

which

which pleads powerfully for the *Dear Unfortunate*?---A sigh involuntarily steals from me, and in spite of myself I believe I love her.---Dare I venture, then, to see her?---Can I face a girl, whom, because of a sad vicissitude*, I have ungenerously forsaken? Has she not often told me that if *Peru* had been *her's* she would have laid it at my feet, nor thought the purchase too dear for my love?---Ambition, accursed fiend, how dost thou lead us captive, and by militating against our *feeble* virtue, delude us into complicated error!

I believe, Selwyn, when the story is known, the world will judge severely

* The Lady's father had considerable possessions in *America*, which were all with-held at the commencement of the troubles *there*.

of *thy friend*---but those only are competent to determine, who, like me, have basked in the sun-shine of life, and dread to be deprived of its flattering endearments.-----

-----Yet if this is the life of a man of pleasure, how unenviable is the enjoyment of it!---the pains and anxiety which it costs us to surmount the difficulties we are continually hurried into, infinitely exceed our choicest gratifications!

For myself, I hate the trouble of duplicity, and the meanness of evasion; yet must I descend to the practice of such unworthy artifices, because ashamed of an attachment, that by being *virtuous* is *unfashionable*.---Ah! Charles, I believe 'tis this kind of mistaken shame that lures us into many inconsistencies!

To-morrow this dreaded interview takes place---I tremble at the thoughts of it---Yet it must be so! to fly from a person we have injured, is not only a mark of pusillanimity, but an aggravation of guilt.

Well then, I'll see her---unequal as the conflict may be---and if subdued, Cleveland is not the first that has fallen in the cause---the armaments of distressed beauty are powerful indeed, and fye upon the heart that can boast of resisting them!

-----Yet one word more with thee, Selwyn.---I charge thee to be present on this occasion, and let us have as little formality as possible---None of thy affected pity---Emily is not of that ordinary race of mortals that mistakes the
froth

froth of *constrained politeness* for humanity---She hates impostors, and thou wilt be detected.

Good night.

CLEVELAND.

LETTER IX.

TO THE SAME.

UNWORTHY young man! what can justify thy neglect of the sacred offices of friendship, which in themselves are voluntary duties! did I not intreat thee to be present at this awful interview, and support me through the trying occasion? but, regardless of the perils I was exposed to, thou couldst leave

me

me to brave the bursting storm, and encounter every difficulty, alone.---Go---Selwyn---for this time I pass it over, and it is well for thee that thou art arraigned at a tribunal, where friendship presiding, softens the rigor of *justice*.

An awful interview indeed! Would to Heaven *my* pen was equal to the description, that it might teach the giddy and the gay of our sex to beware of trifling with so delicate a subject as the *heart*; and by displaying all the alarming circumstances of *deliberate perfidy*, henceforth check such criminal pursuits.

It was not LOVE that subdued me---a milder form stepped forth, and the trophy was won by HUMANITY!

(Here Mr. Cleveland proceeds to give the particulars of the inter-

interview, at which, Emily, her sister, and Miss Rayleigh were present; but as there is nothing sufficiently striking in the description to interest the reader more than might be expected on such an occasion, the Editor has thought proper to abridge it.---It is however necessary to observe, that the unfortunate lady conducted herself through the whole with that generosity and noble-mindedness which distinguished her character in general; and at length finding Mr. Cleveland rather hesitated in his reply to some direct questions she put to him, forbore to press him on the subject, but rising from her seat, and turning to her sister--- "Caroline,"

"line," said she, "You can
 "witness I have *known* the
 "frowns of fortune *before*, but
 "you never heard me com-
 "plain of having *felt* them---
 "that was reserved for this
 "moment.----Come---Cleve-
 "land---since it must be so, I
 "will endeavour to forget
 "you----Mine has been no
 "common attachment, and
 "no common means must be
 "applied to its relief.---I con-
 "clude there is nothing left
 "for me to *hope*.-----Well,---
 "it is over---and I must sub-
 "mit---a submission that might
 "have been easier accomplish-
 "ed, had your power over
 "my affections been less.-----
 "Go---then---and be happy!---
 "Oh! Matilda, this is indeed
 "what

“ what I never expected, but
“ the same Providence that
“ has hitherto protected me,
“ will, I doubt not, be my
“ refuge in every distress----
“ Farewel----my dear----You
“ need only know my situa-
“ tion to *feel* for me.”----

----The remainder of the letter is given in Mr. Cleveland’s own words.----)

A coach waited---I walked with them through the hall.---The sisters looked affectionately on each other, and wept----Nobody spoke----I pressed *Emily’s* hand at parting, and she waved it slowly as the carriage drew from the door.

The

The interview lasted an hour and forty minutes.-----

* * *

Charles---I have found fault with thee for thy want of sensibility---but 'tis an enviable failing---unacquainted with such a delicate movement, thou knowest nothing of the finer feelings of the heart, or how it expands to the exquisite touches of humanity, but then thou art equally estranged to the train of sorrows which attends it.---Go---my friend, enjoy the flattering error, it will protect thee from many a bitter sensation.

Adieu---my head--my heart aches.---
I shall lock myself up for a few days.

CLEVELAND.

LETTER

LETTER X.

TO MISS RAYLEIGH.

Morning—five o'clock.

MATILDA---pity and forgive me---
I am ashamed of this weakness,
but in ceasing to be wretched, I must
cease to feel.--What a night, good God,
has been the last.---Oh! that these swollen
eyes were closed in death, that this
aching heart would forget to beat, and
end my sufferings in the peaceful grave!
Was this blow wanting to embitter my
youth, was it not enough that I felt a
sad reverse before, when suddenly re-
duced from a state of affluent indepen-
dence?---but *that* was a common cala-
mity, and I submitted---'tis true, my
pride was wounded, but the serenity of
my mind was undisturbed.---The com-
forts

forts of life still awaited me, and I had more than sufficient for the gratification of a rational mind.---Often in the sunshine of prosperity have I been solicited on the score of love---but my heart was never interested, and I despised a sordid sacrifice---when that sunshine was no more, the lessons of religion taught me fortitude, and I felt myself chearfully resigned---but oh! short-lived was this humble tranquility.---I had yet severer trials to undergo---in one fatal hour I beheld *your friend*, and need I blush to say *I loved him*.---Untutored in dissimulation, I opened all my heart, and surrendered it to the man I thought eminently entitled to it.---*His* merit began the conquest---*my* sensibility compleated it.

And is he then for ever lost to me---
have I absolved him from his vows---
have

Have my unfaithful lips uttered a sentence like "*forgetting him?*"---Have I promised to forego that supreme delight with which I have been so long enamoured?---Matilda, it could not be---unless some temporary phrenzy possessed me, and, wild with my distress, I knew not what I did.

Shall I write to him? Alas! I have done so---but e'er my trembling hands could finish, Despair overpowered me.---I destroyed the paper---wrote again, and again destroyed it.---What am I to do, my dear---oh advise me with your wonted friendship---soothe me with your conciliating eloquence---tell me how to act.---You will not talk of reason, prudence or philosophy---these have nothing to do with love.---What then can you do for me?---You may infuse the balm of sympathy into my bleeding breast,
you

you may partake of my griefs, but still there will be those left which defy the power of relief.

-----Yet write to me, my gentle friend.---He wept yesterday---did he not? If the gaiety of his heart would suffer a tear to escape him, may it not be a harbinger of returning love? Oh, flatter me with the sweet delusion.---I will devour every line with kisses---on my knees I will bless the benignant hand that inscribes them.

EMILY B.

LETTER

LETTER XI.

TO MR. SELWYN.

PLAGUE me no longer, Charles, with thy importunities to see me--- I wish to be alone---that kind of hack-nied consolation which the busy world are ever ready to administer, will not soften my anxiety, or lull me into tranquility.---Solitude best soothes my agitated breast, and if I am more easy in retirement, why should I be disturbed?

Not a moment since the fatal interview has this girl been absent from my thoughts.---I am ashamed of myself when I think that, humbled as she was by misfortune, she could yet rise superior to me, and that it is to her generosity only I owe my acquittal.-----“Go---*Cleveland---and be happy.*”---These were the
the

the dear sufferer's parting words, whilst the trembling drops hung over her languid cheeks, and told the sacrifice she was making!----Yes---Emily---I go---but thou hast planted a thorn in my bosom, which rends me to the soul, and every throb is more exquisite, because I *feel* that I deserve it.

Yet, amidst all the complicated terrors of guilt, it affords me no trifling satisfaction to reflect that, unlike many *men of the world*, I suffered HONOR to correct the impetuous passions of youth, nor ever basely sought to take advantage of that unbounded confidence, with which the loveliest of her sex distinguished me.----No---my friend, besides that there were unhappy objects enough to gratify such guilty desires, I was too much awed by that supreme dignity always attendant on virtue, to let a
ruder

runder impulse prevail---her person is elegant, and such as might inflame the nicest sensualist; but her mind---her heart---her soul is not formed in the common mould of nature.---She is superior every way, and when I look up to her, it is with adoration and respect.

Accustomed as I have been *too much* to the society of *different* women, it is not to be wondered that such a contrast is striking---tired of pursuing the pleasures of the town, how eagerly have I sought the converse of the lovely maid, how attentively yielded to her gentle corrections, and temporarily blushed in the shameful retrospect---she knew my foibles---she called them the errors of youth, and fondly flattered herself with being the humble instrument of my reformation.

B

Charm-

Charming girl! thy bosom should be estranged to a sensation of inquietude, and lie upon myself for bringing thee acquainted with sorrow.——

———However, supposing the worst, *Time* will surely mitigate thy sufferings, and administer comfort by the hand of *Reason*!

Lose not a moment, Selwyn, if thou hast any intelligence to communicate---write---and let me know it all---I shall transport myself into the country as soon as possible---not that I am weak enough to expect much relief from the change.---I am convinced of the absurdity of attempting to fly from one-self.

CLEVELAND.

LETTER

LETTER XII.

TO MISS RAYLEIGH.

AH---Madam---it will not end here---
I dread the worst of consequences
---your kind letter * was a momentary
allay to her grief, but like a river op-
posed it soon overflowed again.---Where
is Mr. Cleveland?---hard-hearted, inhu-
man man---did he but see---could he but
witness the woe himself has occasion-
ed, his inflexibility surely would yield.--
Oh! conjure, persuade him, then, dear
Miss R-----, for *you* alone have the
means, to enter this house of sorrow--
this scene of distraction----let him behold
his *once-loved* Emily again, raise her from
despair, and bid her look up to him for
comfort.---Indeed, she bears it hardly---

* This letter does not appear.

---mine is the sad office to see the sister of my heart plunged in afflictions so violent, that nothing but death seems likely to terminate them.

And yet, Miss R----- it were impious to doubt the mercy or justice of Omnipotence.---He can even *yet* restore her to us, and mark with his vengeance the author of her calamities---in leaving *him* to an offended God, *her* cause is secure, for a time must come when the wrongs of injured innocence will rise up in terrible evidence against him, when no artifices, no evasions will avail him, or save him from the corrections of unerring wisdom.

We have *other* apprehensions which are indeed alarming---she is frequently employed with her pen, but writes incoherently, and when I endeavour to
con-

console her with sympathetic tenderness, she stares wildly at me, and moves her lips, but articulates nothing.-----Her tears, she sometimes says, which were wont to afford her relief, have ceased to flow, and her heart denied the privilege of venting itself *that way*, beats as if it would burst.

Dr. M----- visits her with unwearied attention.----At first she was desirous to conceal from him the cause of her complaint, but he presently discovered it, and has earnestly insisted on her going into the country as soon as possible---I propose, therefore, taking her to ***** to-morrow morning.

Adieu---dear Madam---I hope in my

B 3

next

next to be able to give you a better account of my dear charge, and remain

Most sincerely yours,

CAROLINE B.

LETTER XIII.

TO MR. CLEVELAND.

Night—eleven o'clock.

MATILDA is this instant returned from ***** and brings the melancholy tidings that *Emily* is considerably worse, and that the Doctor has pronounced her life *in danger*.

C. S.

LETTER

LETTER XIV.

TO MR. SELWYN.

Midnight.

I Knew it *all*.-----A frightful Raven has been croaking before my window *, and thrice flapped her heavy wings against it.-----But she must not die, Charles, or, What is to become of *me?*

CLEVELAND.

* To explain this, it is necessary to remark that the windows of Mr. C's apartments opened into some public gardens in London—though it is not improbable but *this* might be the effect of fancy.

LETTER XV.

TO THE SAME.

Half past twelve.

MY *William* has a kinsman out of place---the fellow seems tolerably intelligent----bid *Matilda* get a letter wrote to *Caroline*.-----He shall start as soon as it's light for *****, and I have told him the security of his throat depends on the success of his expedition.

CLEVELAND.

LETTER

LETTER XVI.

TO MISS RAYLEIGH.

Morning—half past seven.

NO---Miss Rayleigh, it were vain I believe to flatter ourselves with hope---she is worse than when you left us, and dreadful as it is to think of, I fear her senses will never be perfectly restored----sometimes she knows me not, but desires to hear from me, and complains of my unkindness in leaving her.

Her pen is seldom out of her hand, and she frequently enquires for the post-man.-----Oh, Madam, what an unlooked for vicissitude is this---She that was the darling of the family, our partial favourite, our *Emily* is abandoned to wretchedness and despair, and perhaps lost to us for ever.

B 5

Susan

Susan attends her with unremitting care, and is almost distracted on the occasion---She tells me her mistress has written a packet of letters, but always catches the paper away, if she thinks herself observed, and hides it in her bosom.

Is Mr. Cleveland acquainted with these sad circumstances *? Surely, Miss R——, he ought to know them!

I would not detain the servant longer than whilst I snatched up a pen to write this, as he says he was very particularly directed to return with all possible expedition.

CAROLINE B——.

* The particulars of this letter were concealed from Mr. O——, Miss Rayleigh thinking it prudent to inform him the Lady was rather better.

TO

TO — CLEVELAND, ESQ.

MR. B—— presents compliments to Mr. Cleveland, and begs to have the honor of an early interview with him.

Friday,

TO MR. B——.

MR. Cleveland's compliments to Mr. B——, is just favored with his note, and will be happy to see him *here* immediately, or to attend any other appointment he will do him the honor to make.

Piazza Coffee House, five o'clock.

LETTER XVII.

TO MR. SELWYN.

Piazza, nine o'clock.

REALLY, Charles, this brother of Emily's is a sensible, rational, and well-bred man---we have just parted, and as the conversation is fresh in my memory, I sit down to give it thee.

After the usual ceremonies, which were observed with formal politeness on both sides, Mr. B----- addressed me as follows:

"I am sorry, Mr. Cleveland, to be under the disagreeable necessity of proposing an interview on so very unpleasant a subject---I presume it unnecessary to explain my motives---your own good sense has already anticipated them---but
do

do not misunderstand me, Sir, I wish to meet you neither with reproaches or menaces---perhaps I act a very *unfashionable* part in saying so---I am aware that a tyrannic custom urges men on these occasions to pursuits of a sanguinary nature, but I am *one* of those who profess an abhorrence of such measures, and freely declare that I should think it beneath me to meet a man in the field, who could want such a stimulative to be *honourable*.---You are a Gentleman, Sir, and as such I mean to remonstrate with you---I have a sister at this moment in a situation so alarming, that her death is hourly expected, and from every circumstance I have been able to collect, strengthened with *my* own observation (for this is not the first time I have seen Mr. Cleveland) I find it arises from the affection she has unhappily cherished for you. ---Certainly, Sir, you have been
blame-

blameable in this affair, or it could never have gone so far----You must have encouraged the poor believing girl to persevere, or she would not have suffered so severely from the issue of it.---I appeal to you, then, as a *Man*---as a *Brother*, and, divested of passion or prejudice, wish you to consider how *you* would feel---how *you* would act in such a situation as mine."-----

Mr. Cleveland.)---The candid and genteel manner in which you have entered on the subject, Mr. B-----, demands every respectful attention----and on that account I am free to confess to you that I most sincerely, and from my soul, lament the unhappy infatuation which has attended this affair throughout---Nay more, Sir, I will allow myself blameable---Your sister's unfortunate susceptibility-----

my

my unguarded conduct, (which at first I protest was only meant as the trifling language of gallantry) has been the source of all this unhappiness--- and yet, that I admired your sister, that I loved her, that I was proud of the attachment, I will readily own.--- Believe me, Mr. B---, I am still the same, and but for a family concern, which militates powerfully against my inclinations, should have continued unalterably so.---An aged relation, on whom I have every dependence, is apprized of the affair, and peremptorily insists on its being forthwith closed.---Now, Sir---I am a young man, too much addicted, I confess, to pleasure and the world.---I have really no expectations but from the friend I allude to, and if any impropriety in my conduct should warrant an alteration in my dis-favour, there is nothing

thing before me but ruin ----So circumstanced, (you see I deal unreservedly with you, Sir) what could I do?-- Either alternative was distressing in the extreme, and, believe me, I had a severe struggle before I could bring myself to determine---but that your interposition may not be entirely ineffectual, and that you may be satisfied of the sincerity of my heart, give me leave to assure you, I shall consider it the happiest circumstance of my life, if fortune should favor me hereafter, so as to furnish me with the *Means* of resuming the intercourse; and to strengthen your confidence in my *Honor*, I here solemnly pledge myself never to seek, or enter into an engagement with any lady while your sister remains unmarried.

Mr.

Mr. B-----.)----At a crisis less important than this, perhaps such an assurance might be acceptable, but at present it will be to no purpose---my sister's condition at this time puts it out of our power to venture any thing on the subject.-----Mr. Cleveland, you know how *ill* she is?

Mr. C-----.)----I heard your sister *was* ill, Sir---but understood she was recovering.-----

Mr. B-----.)----Far from it--Sir---and it is much to be feared she never will.-----

Mr. C-----.)----Then I have been strangely misinformed---I had *good authority* to suppose the *worst* was over;---but, Mr. B-----, if it were *possible* for me to afford any relief, consistent with
my

my present situation, believe me, I would sacrifice any thing to contribute to restore her ;--upon my Honor, Sir, I would !

Mr. B-----.)---Well---Mr. Cleveland---I scruple not to tell you that this meeting has turned out by no means unpleasing to me.---The earnestness and sincerity which seem to govern your conduct, and which, I hesitate not to believe *real*, are flattering testimonies in your favor.---I shall write to my sister *Caroline* to-night, and mention the result of this interview---at present, she, as well as the rest of the family, is totally unacquainted with it.---I presume, however, if it should be required, Mr. Cleveland will have no objection to a further conference with me on the subject.

Mr.

Mr. C-----.)-----Objection----Sir! by no means----it would always have given me pleasure to have seen Mr. B-----, and I most sincerely regret that our meeting should be *now* on so disagreeable an occasion.----You may command me, Sir, at any time,"-----

-----Here the conversation closed-----and it has given me occasion to reflect how far more eligible and prudent Mr. B-----'s conduct has been, than if he had attacked me with all the warmth of resentment, and by mutual provocations we had urged each other to extremities, which, instead of conciliating, would have aggravated the general mischief.---Ah me! how many inconsistencies does arbitrary custom authorise!

CLEVELAND.

LETTER

LETTER XVIII.

TO MR. SELWYN.

Morning—half past six.

CHARLES---I am just awakened out of a horrid vision---my hands still tremble, and the big drops of sweat are still starting on my face---What a night have I passed?---Clouds have been bursting before me.---Thunders rolling over my head.---Lightnings piercing me on every side.---The Earth opening with violent commotion, and strange haggard Forms torturing me with their cursed devices.---One moment *Emily* has been snatched away from me, while fondly reposing on my bosom.---The next I have seen her hurried to a frightful precipice, where the ruins, falling, must have crushed her into atoms---Then have I found myself alone in a dismal Church-Yard,

Yard, stumbling over bits of coffins, and skeletons.----Zounds what a night has it been! By my foul, Charles, I am serious----I know the world in general ridicule such superstitious notions, but it will be well if no mischief is impending over me----Step to me----and let us consult together.

CLEVELAND.

LETTER XIX.

TO — CLEVELAND, ESQ.

MY bower is finished----'tis sweetly secluded by a foliage of Ever Greens--- One solitary Willow hangs over it in emblematic sadness, and here and there a sprig of Myrtle innocently steals through the Laurel---

rel---into the ground I transplanted a LILY--
 it was then in its prime, but now it droops,
 and I fear no art can preserve it---I wanted
 a bit of Heart's-Ease, but it was not to be
 found---it ALL withered when Somebody
 left me, and I could get nothing for a sub-
 stitute but RUE.

* * * * *

. I have something to tell
 you, Cleveland---don't be jealous---'tis your
 own fault---I have got a New Suitor---a
 strange COLD kind of an Admirer---arbi-
 trary and ungovernable---One that appears
 to have little Gallantry about him, for he
 is bold enough to make me believe I shall be
 his when HE PLEASES---talks nothing of
 the time when, but gives me reason to sup-
 pose he would wish to take me by surprise---
 but I am prepared for him, and freely own
 to you, that, FRIGHTFUL AS HE IS
 TO MANY, to me he is far from being un-
 pleasing---

*pleasing---I am sure he'll be my Protector---
I hope I shall be happy!*

* * * * *

*The bell rings for dinner---but they don't
send for me down as usual---I know the rea-
son----my Papa is offended----he used to call
me his little Favorite, and would sit whole
hours to hear me play; but they hide him
from me now, and have taken away my
harpsichord---so that I sing without any ac-
companiment----but my tears.---I can't
help it---I look from my window almost
all the day long, and do you know some-
times I think I see you riding down the
lane, and though you carefully avoid me, I
follow you with my eyes as long as I can,
but*

but a film soon overspreads them----something trickles down my cheeks, and I sigh as if my poor heart would break---it will be otherwise with me soon.---I don't write regular---the characters seem to dance upon the paper-----and my pen-----how heavy it is---bless me, what big drops are these---where do they come from?-----They can't be tears---No---Cleveland, I have none left---their springs are dry---indeed I've wept enough to make 'em so.

. But to return
to my Admirer.-----I want to consult You
about him-----You will know him, Cleve-
land---his name is---Excuse me, Sir, that
secret will be too soon disclosed.-----Will you
come to the ceremony?-----Tell me honestly,
how will you feel at the instant I am sur-
rendered into the arms of Another---ONE
to whom I fly because Nobody else would
have

have me. Oh! Trifler---
 Trifler---if indeed you can behold the sad
 sacrifice without emotion---boast not of the
 triumph---it will do no honor to the Man---
 even the Libertine might tremble, though it
 were the last struggle of Humanity.

* * * *

Will you come and see the bower when I
 have left it?---Will you bestow a tear in
 remembrance of the absent Artist?---Over
 the entrance I have pinned a silken label,
 on which these words are inscribed: ---

"A REFUGE FOR SUCCESSLESS LOVE."

Observe it, Sir---and ask your heart if
 You have any business there, unless to re-

C

Acad

flect how liberally you have forwarded the designs of the institution, and how many bleeding victims you could lead to it.

I have desired it may be kept sacred from every wanton Impertinent, and that TIME only may be permitted to molest it.---Should any sad wanderer, like me, be disposed to pass her melancholy hours in it, there is a lovely little creature will bear her company, and reply to her plaints in sweet responses---'tis a Nightingale that visits the spot every evening, and broods over it with fond fidelity--- ---pray let her not be disturbed---

. my head grows giddy---writing is all the amusement I have, but I don't find so much pleasure in it as heretofore --- ---Heigh-Ho!--- I have Nobody to please now with my little lively sallies---'tis not as it has been---but every thing has an end.-----Good night.

.

(The inside of the cover of the foregoing letter was scribbled on in several places, as under :

How could you promise Love to me,
And not that promise keep!

*Perfidious, then, like All the rest,
Is faithless Damon grown,
And does he seek to wound the breast
That beats for him alone—*

~~EMILY CLEVELAND~~

*Come see—false man—how low she lies
That dy'd for LOVE of you.*

ten--eleven--twelve---and so on---EMILY---Oh!)

(The

* * * *

* * * *

(The Editor has reason to suppose that some letters passed at this crisis between Mr. Cleveland---his Friend---and the Ladies---none of which are preserved in this collection.---He concludes, however, that they could contain nothing materially interesting to the main incidents of the story, as it appears by part of a letter from *Caroline* to *Matilda*, that Emily at length began to recover from her delirium, and the complaint settled into a deep melancholy, which her physician apprehended might be overcome by youth and a good constitution---but it turned out unhappily otherwise.---The Lady fell into a decline, which was attended with such alarming symptoms

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that

(The inside of the cover of the foregoing letter was scribbled on in several places, as under :

How could you promise Love to me,
And not that promise keep!

*Perfidious, then, like All the rest,
Is faithless *Demon* grown,
And does he seek to wound the breast
That beats for him alone—*

~~EMILY CLEVELAND~~

*Come see—false man—how low the lies
That dy'd for LOVE of you.*

ten--eleven--twelve---and so on---EMILY---Oh!)

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C 3

that

that Dr. M—— recommended MATLOCK to her, as the last expedient.---- Mr. Cleveland being informed of this circumstance, and that the Lady was preparing for the journey, addressed a letter to her, intimating the propriety of forthwith surrendering up to each other the letters that had formerly passed between them, and at the same time taking occasion to lament the unfortunate event of their intercourse.---- This was after a period of three months, and produced, first, the following letter):

LETTER XX.

TO MISS RAYLEIGH.

MATILDA---ever generous, was kind enough to say she would take the charge of a dear---dear packet from
from

from ***** to ~~the~~ ~~well~~.---The precipitancy of *your friend* has however rendered that care unnecessary.-----This morning I received a letter from Mr. Cleveland.---I *could* tell you what emotions it gave birth to at the moment, and how---but will you condemn me for my weakness, and pronounce it folly, or rather be indulgent to my errors, and suffer me to unbosom myself freely? that tender look, that sympathetic sigh tells me my suit is granted, and that I may open my whole sad heart without reserve.

The bearer committed it to my own trembling hands---and oh what would I have given for a tear to relieve the load which pressed upon my heart! how different the scene---how distressing the remembrance of former times, when, eager for the welcome *test* of his fidelity,

I have traced its slow progress from mile to mile; and at last flown with fond impatience that I might snatch to my bosom the ever dear memorial.----

. . . Matilda---could I fancy this, and be *unmoved*?---Could I see it realized and be---*myself*?

Animated by the generous confidence of friendship, you have frequently endeavoured to convince me of a certain haughtiness of temper, a species of uncommon levity which marked the character of *your Friend*---but, blind to his imperfections, I was not easy to be persuaded.---Love threw a veil over his foibles, and whilst the delusion lasted, I wished to be amused with it---but it is over---and indeed, my dear, I believe I should never have been perfectly happy with him.

-----Yet

-----Yet *mine* was a humble hope that, with the blessing of Providence, I might be able to imprint on his mind some *serious* sense of the awful duties of Religion.----I fondly thought by example, and gentle precept, to have effected an involuntary conviction, and converted a mind, susceptible of many virtues, but deluded by *pernicious society*.---The superiority of his talents flattered me in the pursuit, and induced me to believe that if reason and reflexion could once resume their ascendancy, the consequences would be favourable to my wishes.-----

But it was not for me to accomplish this desirable purpose-----HE IS LOST TO ME FOR EVER.

To-morrow I must return his letters, and dictate my *last farewell*.---This will be another of my trials.---Oh---Matilda, when will they be over!

Poor---mis-guided young man---if ever---(which *God* forbid) misery or misfortunes should await him, destitute of those comforts which only VIRTUE can yield, what is to become of him---where will he fly to?---Hear me then gracious Heaven---(on my knees I supplicate thee) Oh, avert from him the storms of adversity---brighten his future moments with the sun-shine of prosperity, and let not the remembrance of an unfortunate girl who has suffered much for *him*, ever give him *one* uneasy sensation. I must break off---my dear---

Adieu-----

EMILY B.
LETTER

LETTER XXI.

TO — CLEVELAND, ESQ.

(The farewell Address.)

YES---Cleveland---this is your well-known hand---trembling with confusion I break the seal---while the tears which flow immediately from the bottom of my heart, speak in silent language the depth of my distress, and prove how difficult it is for a mind, feverely affected, to relinquish its errors, *even after conviction.*-----

-----But why mention my sensibility?
True---Sir---I *have* suffered from that sensibility, but believe me, I value it still.---I kiss the rod that has corrected me, nor amidst the ruins of my fallen
C 6 pride,

pride do I lament that my sorrows have their source in so amiable a virtue.-----

You ask me if I acquit you of any deliberate intention thus to destroy my peace of mind.---Yes---Cleveland---from my *Soul* I do---I have long since done so---I never disputed the intrinsic goodness of your heart, and it would be ungenerous in me now to tell you otherwise.---We have been mutually misled by a flattering illusion, which has at length given way to fatal reality.---The allurements of fancy precluded reflexion, and urged us, indiscriminately, to the pursuit of an intercourse, romantic, and trifling in its rise, interesting in its progress, and sadly distressing in the conclusion.

Many

Many things appear agreeable and inviting at the outset----we are pleased with a prospect before us---the path seems strewed with flowers---but we neglect to make the important enquiry where it leads to.----I own the greater fault was in *my* too susceptible, deluded heart---and yet, that it should so strongly, so irretrievably attach itself, is *at once* my pride, and my misfortune.-----

You appeared to me altogether amiable and deserving--I thought, fondly thought *Ambition* could find no place in a heart that was devoted to *Love*, and flattered myself *you* supposed *Emily* possessed all those ideal embellishments, which usually exist in the mind of a Lover---but I have been fatally deceived---Ambition, I find, will not easily foregoe its influence on the heart, or surrender to so powerless an opponent as *Love*.

Excuse

Excuse me, Cleveland, if here I give you my *opinion*.---I presume not to call it advice--I believe myself incapable of giving you any--these sentiments, artless and unstudied, proceed from the most fervent and sincere wishes for your welfare, and to have suppressed them at this moment, would have been a painful forbearance.

If the career with which you pursued the destructive paths of pleasure is suspended, for God's sake, for your *own* sake, be not prevailed upon to resume it.---Early habits make permanent impressions, and much resolution is requisite to conquer the pernicious effects of *polite error* and *vicious* connexions.---Surrounded as you are with the temptations of a dissembling world, you will be in great danger of making a *false estimate* of things, of mistaking the speciousness of show for signification.

From

From an earnest desire that the *World* should think you happy, you will be at more pains to cultivate the deception than it would cost you to be really so.---

True Peace springs only from ourselves, and all the attendants on Pomp and Splendor are but ideal, gilded trifles, which seldom answer the extravagant opinion luxuriously formed of them.---

Destitute of *Conscious Virtue*, Pleasure loses its charm, and Affluence, with her train of various gratifications, yields no lasting comfort, no genuine satisfaction.--

May you be earnest in the pursuit of objects which will afford you pleasures of inexhaustible value, such as will be your pride in prosperity, and your comfort in adversity.---Above all, do not suffer yourself to be deluded by *that sense* of Honor of which you appear so tenacious---believe me, it is an *ignis fatuus* which will certainly mislead you, whilst
it

it permits you with impunity to trample on those elegant principles of Virtue and Morality which Religion holds peculiarly sacred, and assures us are more binding and more substantial than all the laws yet framed by human invention.----

— You implicitly upbraid me for having tenderly loved you.-----Strange inconsistency! Did I ever deny it, or seek to disguise my affection under the mask of indifference?---Did you not tell me to be unreserved; and was I not ever obedient to *your will*, and thereby *faithful to my own*?---The *poor* acknowledgment you make, I must accept----'tis an unequal return for a passion like mine; and Oh! may you never know what it is to receive such in reward for the infinite endearments of Love----and should you find a heart equally susceptible as mine,
for

for the sake of HER who shall possess it, do not be the means, innocently, or otherwise, of inflicting on it the anxiety *mine* has endured---and if her merit and accomplishments are sufficient to secure your affections, let not Interest militate against it---let Love, attended by MINERVA, meet you at the altar, and from such an union the most perfect felicity may await you---for myself, I am weak enough to confess I am still attached to you with the most lively and tender affection-----

“ But *selfish* feelings are to be subdu’d—

“ TIME, slowly stealing, softens ev’ry care;—

“ And whilst Religion’s precepts are pursu’d,

“ What pleasing comforts may Affliction share!”

These will be mine---and though I never look for a victory over this unhappy partiality, (alas! it is now too late!)

late!) yet, few as my moments are, they shall be employed in your behalf--in imploring Heaven to distinguish you with the various blessings of this life, and to give you such a sense of mortality, that you may never forget You ARE TO LIVE HEREAFTER!

There was a time, Cleveland, and you may remember it, when I offered, tho' with evident reluctance, to renounce all intercourse with you, and submitting to the severity of my fate, have endeavoured to conquer a passion, then in its infancy---Early as it was, every faculty of my soul seemed interested in the sacrifice; yet I could have surrendered to Reason what *Love* would have withheld---but You would not yield---You fanned the rising flame till it burst to my destruction, and involved a poor Girl in almost unexampled distress.---I

could

could ask you why you encouraged me to persevere?----I *could* ask you if your triumph would otherwise have been incomplete?----I *could* ask you if a *Man* of *Honor* would have done so?----but---*you* are *Cleveland*----I am *Emily* still!

I rely on your assurance to return my letters, those numerous testimonies of my unfortunate attachment.---You mention an intention of reserving those which have passed since the dissolution, and say it is usual to keep them on both sides---it may be so---but give me leave to form a wish out of the common way.---Agitated as I have been by a variety of contending passions, I have suffered myself to be hurried into many inconsistencies; and though my letters convey the dictates of the most ardent and sincere affection, yet, unlike your own, which appear to be written with
astonishing

astonishing composure, they are inelegant, and such as I wish to be consigned to oblivion.-----Imperfect as they are, perhaps in future, when you have forgot even to esteem the memory of *Emily*, they may afford some amusement to an *idle curiosity*, and that is a reflexion I cannot bear.-----Convince me, therefore, of your attention to my *last* request, and let me not have occasion to discover a stain upon your honor, which, blinded as I am by Love, may yet appear glaringly conspicuous, and lessen the opinion I wish to have of *him*, whose affections——Oh! had Heaven confined me to that blessing, and *that only*, my lot would have been enviable indeed!

I write under many disadvantages—my tears frequently interrupting me; and though you may think me tedious and prolix, be assured I fall infinitely
short

short of the dictates of my heart, and express little of what I feel at this important moment.

Oh---Cleveland---how have I indulged myself with delivering my sentiments--- You used to flatter me they were pleasing to you,---and are they no longer so? . . . Well then, you must consider this as the last effort of expiring tenderness!

My sister Caroline observes my weakness, and you may judge of her opinion of you still, when I add she does not contradict or condemn me for it.

The family at C----- House must undoubtedly accept the genteel acknowledgments you offer for those instances of friendship and attention, which appeared

peared to be justly due to you, and were in them the natural effects of sincere admiration and esteem.----One person is excepted from the family, but as this is the only subject of diffension that ever arose between us, we mutually forbear to mention it.

And now I draw to a conclusion:-----
Am I to subscribe as usual.-----Poor Emily! this is no common case----it brings to thy remembrance a circumstance of NERO, the cruel Monarch of the Roman Empire, who, when about to sign a *Death Warrant*, was so suddenly touched with a *tender Passion*, that he wished *he could not write*.----And shall I make such a wish? No----let me rather exult with gratitude, that a beneficent Providence blesses me with composure sufficient to embrace this *last* privilege
of

of telling you, I am with the most animated sincerity

Your friend,

EMILY B.

Saturday afternoon.

LETTER XXII.

TO MR. SELWYN.

Saturday night.

THIS Girl is a Divinity, missioned from Heaven to sojourn a while amongst us mortals, and then return to her primitive Purity.-----

I am stung to the soul Charles,---every part of me is disordered, and for the first

first time in my life I have resolved *seriously* upon amendment.---What a letter has she sent me---read it---and in several parts of the paper mark the stain of her precious tears.----Oh---Selwyn---this is no fiction---it comes terribly home to the heart, and well might I be ashamed to look on it without emotion.

Certainly, then, I am not entirely *lost*---the *virtue* of being *human* is still left me!

Is this reality---or a vision fleeting and unsubstantial?---is it Emily indeed that writes-----that injured, generous Girl?-----What then am I, unworthy, that, conscious of my power over her affections, could basely undermine her happiness, and instead of suppressing the first dawnings of a misplaced passion,

avail me.----Then the mask is thrown off---ye have deluded me into error, and now abandon me to the horrors of conviction!----

-----What can be the matter with me Charles---I just detected a drop upon my cheek----(at that instant the clock sounded *One*)---the taper before me begins to deny its light. I tremble---I know not why---I dare not attempt to sleep---I shall have another of my cursed visions---I'll away in the morning to ***** and save this peerless girl---I will!

CLEVELAND.

LETTER

LETTER XXIII.

TO MISS RAYLEIGH.

Matlock—August.

WHAT pleasure does it give me, my ever dear Matilda, at this distance to contemplate your charming friendship, and turn over in mental review, the happy hours we once passed together---'tis *that* which sweetens the early evening of my life, and compensates for the want of your personal consolations.----I say, the *early evening* of my life, for sure *mine* has been a short sojournment *---Yet why should I repine ----I have long weaned my affections from the things of this world, and if it is not too bold a belief, I am prepared for a better.----Yes---my gentle friend,

* The Lady was only in her nineteenth year.

I see the grim Tyrant hastily approaching to seize me, and to struggle would be a weakness my soul is incapable of.--- Consider, Matilda, I might have been hurried away when the vanities of the world had arrested my attention, or perhaps by a lingering illness have spun out the thread of life to its utmost---but Providence is pleased to dispose otherwise of me, and I look up to my long wished for Haven, as an asylum from the troubles of mortality---'tis true I have consented to visit *Matlock*, not from the hope of experiencing any salutary effect, but that those I leave behind may have the consolation to think nothing was wanting to contribute to my recovery.

My beloved Sister watches over me with careful solicitude---we have been here almost a fortnight, and I think I find myself rather better than when I
left

left *****----. I frequently ride out on horseback, accompanied by a young Lady, who is in the same house, and whose complaint, like mine, is in the *Heart*; but it fills me with melancholy reflexions, when in our rides I meet so many fellow-sufferers, all assembled together on the same sad errand, wasting the prime of promising youth in languid sickness, and hurrying untimely to their final home.

My agreeable friend Herbert is of the same age with me, and from the little I have yet been able to collect of the circumstances of her case, I believe there is a great similarity in our situations--- She is the only daughter of a Clergyman in -----shire, and with a most elegant person, and accomplished manners, seems to possess ALL that delicate sensibility which is the source of so

D 3

much

much inquietude to our sex.---She has promised to make me more intimately acquainted with her story, and I will endeavour to introduce it occasionally into our correspondence.

You see then, Matilda, I am not the only unhappy Martyr to a successful passion---yet for the sake of human nature, for the sake of my sex in general, God forbid there should be many---how dreadful to think of passing the short journey of life subject to such *hard* conditions.

Adieu---my dear---I shall write again soon---

EMILY B.

LETTER

LETTER XXIV.

TO MRS. SELWYN.

Matlock—August.

MANY---many happy years of uninterrupted felicity attend you, amiable *Matilda*, and the deserving Partner of your heart.---Your's has been a prudent and a happy choice---long, long may ye continue together to know the unabating sweets which flow from a sincere, a reciprocal affection.

You tell me *somebody* was *there*, and surrendered you to your faithful *Selwyn*--sprightly and gay as ever.---Why should he not be so, my dear; if ever he possessed a tender sentiment towards me, that sentiment and *Emily* are forgotten long since, and perhaps he hardly re-

collects that there was ever such an unfortunate girl.

Ah---my Selwyn, what advantages have that sex naturally over *us*---disappointed in their tenderest hopes, they can seek amusement in the bustle of life, and obliterate by society the troubles of the heart;---whilst we, forlorn sufferers, if once baffled in our fond pursuits, are doomed to the terrors of solitary reflexion, and debarred sometimes the soothing consolations of friendship.---- They know this---Why do they hurry us, unguarded, into error?

Forgive me for this melancholy strain
---for clouding the blest auspices of your
happy change with my unwelcome reflexions---if you desire it, my dear, I
will promise never again to mention the
subject---I strive to avoid it, and only
when

when I forget myself, inadvertently fall into it.

Your affectionate wishes, Matilda, are ever acceptable to me, inasmuch as they indicate the warmth of your esteem---but I have nothing to boast of respecting my health---indeed, for the last few days, I have felt myself considerably weaker and more languid than before---I believe it is owing to my laying aside the exercise of riding, which I have not lately indulged in, having attended my sweet friend Herbert in several little walking excursions, which has given her an opportunity of unbosoming herself to me, and I believe there is a kind of sympathetic affection amongst the children of adversity, for indeed I love her.

I have hardly spirits to say any thing on the subject, but it may serve to amuse

D 5

me,

me, and I will endeavour to relate the heads of her story.

This lovely girl lives to lament the infidelity of a youth, who, like *your* aspiring friend, thought happiness only attainable by opulence and splendor.---A faithful heart was *all* poor Harriot had to bestow, and she was taught to believe it was a treasure in itself.---The intercourse was uninterrupted for some years, and seemed to promise a series of delight; but---in short, my dear, without entering into particulars now, the perfidious ingrate cruelly deserted her, in order to gratify his ambition by marrying a Lady of considerable fortune in an adjoining county; but who, from a motive of uncommon generosity, when she was apprized of the infamous part he had acted by Miss Herbert, discarded him with indignation, and overcome by
shame

shame and remorse, he suddenly left the Kingdom, (as it is supposed for *America*) and has not since been heard of.

You will judge then, Matilda, what a valuable companion this is to me---indeed she is a charming girl, and I am sorry to have occasion to add, that I shall be deprived of her in a few days, as she is about to return home, having experienced great benefit from this place.

---She is attended only by a cousin, a little lively girl, who is at present at Buxton on a visit---Miss Herbert has, however, promised to endeavour to lengthen her stay a week longer on my account, and it is really an instance of generous esteem, as her heart yearns towards a beloved father from whom she has been absent some time.

There---my dear---I have filled my sheet, and have scarce left myself room to assure you how sincerely I am your

EMILY.

LETTER XXV.

TO MR. SELWYN.

Purling Dale—September.

HOW delightful is the society of a *female*, when modesty adds lustre to her other charms, and *sensibility* meliorates the whole! -----! ----- Dost thou start, Charles, at such a declaration from *him* who was heretofore the associate of Libertines and Profligates?---Congratulate me, then, my friend, on the happy conversion, and know, that when
ONCE

once we seriously resolve to amend, there is something *irresistibly* tempting in the form which *Virtue* assumes---pleased to “set the wanderer right,” she steps forth with engaging complacency to receive us, and every day appears lovelier than before, ’till the reconciliation is happily perfect!

I have passed near a fortnight in this happy circle---fancy to thyself, Charles, a venerable Priest, grown grey in the service of his Flock---*One*, not cynically inclined to suppress those passions in *others*, he can no longer indulge *himself* with, but always sensibly delighted when he sees others so.----His daughter, *Charlotte Lefevre*, happily estranged to those fashions which the giddy world suppose necessary to form an accomplished female, lives admiring and admired---her sensibility is ever awake, nor has her delicate

licate mind a wish she is ashamed to reveal.

Mr. Walton, the favourite elect of her heart, is also here, and, in character, is a counterpart of *thy friend*--like me, he has formerly been a dupe to the world, and like me is at length reformed.--We were once slightly acquainted, but had not seen each other for some time---this, however, is not to be wondered at---*he has lately been a member of virtuous society!*

There is likewise a maiden sister of Mr. Lefevre's, who assists the lovely Charlotte in the superintendence of the household.

This is our Party.---We have a sweet retirement in the midst of a fertile valley.

ley, and enjoy the bounties of the season in luxuriant plenty.-----

At present, however, there is rather a gloom over the family, in consequence of the death of an old and highly-valued friend of Mr. Lefevre's, who resided in a remote village about thirty miles from here----whither Mr. L----- is gone to pay the last honors at his funeral.

Charlotte has hinted to me that there is something singularly distressing in the story of the departed---I shall endeavour to prevail on her to communicate it to me, and will leave this letter unfinished to have an opportunity of adding any thing that may transpire on the subject.

* * * * *

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Miss

* * * *

Miss Lefevre has just received a letter from her father, and obligingly permits me to retire with it into my room.---It may give thee some insight into the story, so take that part of it in the good man's own words.-----

* * * *

“ 'Tis over---and at length *He* that
 “ *was* the unhappy *Wilmington*, is arrived
 “ at his final home,” “ *where the wicked*
 “ *cease from troubling, and the weary are*
 “ *at rest.*”---“ The ceremony, my dear,
 “ was unusually solemn---a concourse of
 “ villagers from far and near, who had
 “ occasionally shared the bounty of their
 “ departed benefactor, assembled about
 “ the Church-Yard, gazing in silent sad-
 “ ness on the mournful cavalcade as it
 “ moved slowly forwards.---The service
 “ was performed by Mr. *Bentley*---a
 “ young

“ young man whom you have heard
“ poor Wilmington say, was intended
“ for his *Maria*, but -----

“ The will is written with his own
“ hand in a stile peculiarly affecting---
“ Having a leisure half hour, I shall
“ transcribe the part which alludes to
“ his unhappy daughter, and enclose it
“ for your perusal, and that of my
“ young friends at home.---To whom,
“ remember me respectfully, and believe
“ me

“ Your ever affectionate father,

“ PERCIVAL LEFEVRE.”

— Monday evening.

EXTRACT

"E X T R A C T

"FROM THE LAST WILL OF

"Mr. FREDERICK WILMINGTON.

* * * * *

"—— I T is known that I had
once a child----perhaps
the unhappy wanderer is yet alive,
lingering out somewhere a wretched
existence ----Should Providence per-
mit it to be known to her that I am
no more, and bring her to that state
of repentance which may entitle her
yet to mercy from above, it is my
desire, that the surplus which re-
mains after payment of my funeral
and other expences, be placed in the
hands of my two dear and respected
friends, Percival Lefevre and Sylva-
nus Alberry, to be by them discre-
tion-

tionally advanced towards her support---and in order that this my desire may be carried into execution as effectually as possible, I request my Executors will take upon themselves the trouble of causing the following advertifement to be inserted in some of the *London* papers, within *one month* next after my decease.

“MARIA WILMINGTON.

“If an unfortunate girl of this
“name is living, and will apply
“to the Rev. Mr. Lefevre, at Pur-
“ling Dale, near —, in the
“county of —, she will hear
“of a comfortable provision hav-
“ing been made for her in conse-
“quence of the death of her fa-
“ther---or if any person can give
“information of the decease, or
“other-

“ otherwise, of such an unhappy
“ fugitive, they shall be rewarded
“ for their trouble.”

“ If, however, it has pleased God to release the poor outcast from her misery, and no intelligence can be obtained within twelve months next after my decease, then my will is, that all my effects shall be forthwith converted into money---one clear moiety of which I bequeath to my worthy young friend, the Rev. Samuel Bentley, Curate of ———, as a token of grateful remembrance for the affection he once bore my unhappy girl, and the friendship he has always manifested towards me--- The other moiety I wish to be placed out on Government security, in the names of my said two dear friends, Percival Lefevre and S. Alberry, the
inte-

interest of which I desire may be divided in equal quarterly payments amongst four poor house-keepers in the parish where I shall die---and this is an office of humanity which I know the friends I have entrusted it to will take delight in fulfilling.---

The world, perhaps, will load my memory with reproaches, when they find I had it in my power to afford that assistance to my unfortunate child which was with-held in the extremity of her distresses.----I own it was *hard*, and their censures may be just---but those who know the throbbings of a proud father's heart, and how severely he must suffer by a daughter's shame, will be sparing---a sacred vow, made in the bitterness of a resentment, so aggravated by the artful representations of a *second* wife,

wife, (not the mother of my Maria) as to stifle every struggle of parental fondness, urged me to the fatal deed----the oath was registered in Heaven----and I dared not violate it---not but that my heart was *human*, and would yearn towards the child it had discarded.----That *child* was once possessed of every requisite to adorn the station of superior life---her manners were uniformly accomplished----her sensibility exquisitely refined----her person-----Ah! there was the fatal source of her destruction-----had she been formed less perfect, it might have been *HER'S* at this moment to ----- but my eye-sight fails me---my furrowed cheeks are wet----and I feel I am *A Father* still.-----”

* * * *

* * * *

There,

There, Charles, is enough for thee
at present-----so----till I take up my pen
again-----Adieu.

CLEVELAND.

LETTER XXVI.

TO MRS. SELWYN.

Matlock—September.

HOW unsearchable are the ways of
Providence!-----how contracted
the discernment of narrow-sighted mor-
tals!---Oh Matilda, little did I think the
short remnant of *my* life would be che-
quered with such vicissitudes as a few
days have unfolded.

Poor Harriot! Our friendship was yet
in its dawn, when the blow of fatality
crushed

crushed it! Gracious Heaven, was I reserved for this, to have my last moments disturbed by the consciousness of having brought fresh calamities on a heart, already sufficiently probed---but thy will be done!

You will remember I told you in my last, that Miss Herbert generously intended to protract her stay a week longer *on my account*. The dear girl was true to her promise, and would summons me every morning to take our favorite walk in the recesses of a neighbouring wood.---One day she appeared remarkably pensive and uneasy, and I detected her frequently wiping away some drops which had started on her languid cheeks.----I forbore to press her to tell me the cause of her uncommon distress, lest a recital might aggravate it.---She observed my concern for her,

her, and when we had wandered some distance from home, began to relieve my suspense.---“ You see me, my dear “ Emily,” said she, “ strangely affected, “ but you will not wonder at it when I “ tell you this is the *third* anniversary “ of the fatal day, which witnessed the “ perfidy of the cruellest of men---Oh “ Pembroke, where art thou----what “ could harden thy once susceptible and “ tender heart, and teach thee to drive “ mine to despair.---Yes---my dear--- “ this is the day on which I suffer my- “ self to renew my grief, and giving “ full vent to it, indulge the sad re- “ membrance of forfeited peace.---You “ sympathize with me, Emily, and you “ weep with me--have you then a tear “ to spare for another? ’tis more than “ I could have promised *you*---but I will “ desist---nor open an avenue of distress “ that leads to the bosom of my friend.

E

“ Come

“Come--let us drop the subject, and
“remembering that afflictions are sent
“to be the means of teaching us virtue,
“reign ourselves to the will of an All-
“wise God---the meanest, and most
“unenlightened being complains of the
“severity of his lot, let us rise superior,
“and patiently submit.”---In this strain
did the lovely and accomplished girl
pursue the subject, and struggling *hard*
against herself, endeavour to smile thro’
her tears, and forget her own sorrows
in wishing to alleviate mine.

We had now insensibly wandered a
considerable way from the wood, and find-
ing myself fatigued, and seeing the door
of a Cottage open, I proposed to Har-
riot to enter, and rest ourselves a few
minutes---We did so, and a decent kind
of woman, whose looks bore every test
of hospitality, made her appearance,
and

and furnished us with a glass of water, which was so extremely refreshing that we were about to return back, and had taken our leave, when suddenly a horse galloped by the door, *accoutred* with bridle and saddle, but without any rider ---alarmed at the circumstance, and suspecting some mischief, we had prevailed on our Hostels to suffer her son to attend us part of the way back, and were setting forwards, when a man in livery came running up to the Cottage, and informed us his master was thrown from his horse hard by, and lay speechless on the ground, and that with the assistance of another, he believed he could bring him to the house.---The son thereupon went with the man, and in a few minutes returning, brought a Gentleman, pale, bloody, and totally destitute of any signs of life.---He was placed in a chair, and after having had proper applications

from the good woman, who appeared remarkably skilful on the occasion, began to come to himself.---Indeed he was so shocking a spectacle, that Harriot and I, believing we could be of no use, had left the place, and were waiting the issue on the outside of the threshold.---Returning life being proclaimed, I ventured in, Miss Herbert following---but oh Matilda, what a scene succeeded!---On turning round, I saw Harriot had sunk breathless into a chair.---Our attention was now directed to her, each staring wildly at the other to think what these strange events portended---but the sad truth was presently discovered, for the moment Miss Herbert opened her eyes, she turned them on the stranger---caught away her head---and clasping her hands together, passionately exclaimed
“ ---Ob God---it is my Henry.”-----

At

At the sound of her well-known voice the Gentleman raised his head—

“ Henry---did you say---Madam---
“ my name is Henry----Henry Pem-
“ broke!-----Gracious Heaven, is it *you*.
“ Oh Harriot---Harriot---Cruel Girl---
“ Yes, you do see me---it is the Will
“ of Providence that I should behold
“ you once more, and with my parting
“ breath tell you of your unkindness---
“ yet Heaven knows, and can attest, I
“ had long since forgiven you.-----I
“ thank you, good people, for the
“ trouble you have taken about an
“ unfortunate youth, and it will be
“ but ill requiting your labours of hu-
“ manity, to tell you I could have
“ wished, in this instance, they had
“ been fruitless-----to be called back to
“ life, in such a manner, is worse than
“ ten thousand deaths---Oh Harriot---

How

E 3

“ are

“are you indeed happier with another
“than you would have been with your
“faithful Pembroke?----Your tears tell
“me it is not so!----Thus, Great God,
“is Infidelity punished!”

Harriot spoke not for some minutes,
but at length turning to him, and as-
suming a look of resentment, visible
through her tears----“Cruel Man----
“thus to insult and take advantage
“of my weakness----to talk of *my* Infi-
“delity---to tell me *you* have forgiven
“*me*----- Oh---Mr. Pembroke---but
“this is not a time to reproach you--.”

-----“Reproach me, Madam, how
“have I merited it from you---would
“you have had me stood tamely by,
“and witnessed your perfidy---seen you
“given up to the arms of another, and
“such a worthless, dastardly rival---
“would

"would not less than that satisfy your
"cruelty-----No---Harriot, I loved you
"too well once---but-----" here the
unhappy youth, unable to proceed,
gave vent to a flood of tears---

----- "Given up to another"---ex-
claimed Harriot---staring wildly about
her--- "What does he mean-----Pem-
"broke, is it *you* that can descend so
"low, and have recourse to a mean
"subterfuge like this, to justify your-
"self to a poor unartful girl, whose
"life has been embittered by your
"means."-----

----- "Why are you not married
"to"-----

----- He had not time to mention
the name, Harriot, overcome by ten-
derness, fondly lost to the remembrance

of her injuries, and melting at his tears, fell upon his neck, and hung over him in an agony of grief.

-----“ No---Henry---I am not---I
“ never was---I never will be---who
“ could say so”-----

-----“ There, read, nor deny the
“ evidence of your own hand”-----

Trembling, and astonished, Harriot took a paper---it appeared to be very much worn in the folds, and the writing hardly legible---she run her eyes hastily over it, and fixed them at the bottom---

“ This is *my* signature---Henry”-----

-----“ Then why aggravate your
fault by attempting to do it away with a
false-

falsehood---this is unworthy *her* that
was my Harriot"-----

Harriot read...

"Sir,

"Prudence points out to me the
"necessity of insisting that the inter-
"course between us may be closed
"for ever---I have powerful reasons
"for this peremptory conduct---
"enquire no further, but be assured
"they are reconcileable to my feel-
"ings as well as my pride, and to
"prevent any troublesome expostu-
"lations on either side, before this
"reaches you I shall have given up
"the name of *Herbert* for another.

"Miss Frederick is so obliging as
"to write this to you-----I chuse

E 5

"only

“only to add my signature, which
“is for the last time.

“Harriot Herbert.”

----“Well---Henry---then the mystery is
“at last unfolded, and we were born to
“be unhappy---we have both suffered
“under the same sad error, but every
“doubt of your fidelity is removed,
“and having lived to see *that*, I can die
“with you contented---I have pene-
“tration enough to discover this fatal
“artifice, 'tis a contrivance ALL, and
“too well has it succeeded---the sig-
“nature is mine, the contents I was
“till this moment a stranger to---the
“same hand, the same heart that plot-
“ted it, was equally industrious in re-
“presenting you a base and perfidious
“Deceiver---I remember being ear-
“nestly requested to put my signature
“to

"to a paper, but for a purpose I thought
"widely different"_____

* * * *

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* * *

*(The manuscript is here so extremely
defaced that the Editor is hardly capable
of collecting the substance of it with any*

preciseness-----it, however, appears to consist of a further explanation of the circumstances which occasioned the mutual distress of the lovers, and which proved to be the effects of female perfidy.—Mr. Pembroke observes, that in consequence of what he supposed undoubted confirmation, of the infidelity of his Harriot, he took the first opportunity to embark in a military capacity for America, where he served two campaigns, and frequently rushed into the midst of danger in order to put a period to his unhappy-existence, but always miraculously escaped----that he had never any thoughts of returning to England again, but finding his health gradually impairing, he could not resist a secret impulse to breathe his native air once more, especially as he had connexions which were intimate and dear to him----that he had been in England only five weeks, and was on his way to BUXTON (which had been recommended to him by his Physician in Lon-

London) when his horse took fright and threw him.

Emily's Letter closes here, and she promises to renew the subject the next day---the Reader is therefore referred to the following Letter.)

LETTER

LETTER XXVII.

TO MRS. SELWYN.

Matlock.

MY sister *Caroline* is fearful that I hurt myself by writing so much, but it was always my favorite amusement, and I am loth to forego it.

When I broke off, I left the lovers at the cottage---from which fatal spot they were conveyed to Matlock in a chaise as soon as one could be brought.---Mr. Pembroke was taken to an inn, and a surgeon of eminence attended him.

As to poor Harriot, her situation is not to be described ---Your tender heart, Matilda, has already given full vent to its feelings, I shall therefore forbear
to

to enlarge on the subject, and only tell you, that after a night spent in the wildest disorder of despair and grief, she sent for me in the morning, and with a tolerable degree of composure desired me to sit down by her bed-side, then taking my hand, she addressed me as follows—

“ When the Almighty, my dear, dis-
 “ penses afflictions, it becomes us not to
 “ repine; but, by resignation to his will,
 “ and a happy confidence in *futurity*,
 “ teach ourselves, if possible, the lesson
 “ of fortitude.—I flattered myself I had
 “ gained something like a conquest over
 “ my unhappy passion—I believe I had—
 “ but this last stroke has undone all, and
 “ I can no longer struggle against such
 “ severe calamities—I know my duty,
 “ but sink under the weight of it.—Our
 “ intercourse, my dear young friend,
 “ has

"has been short, but strangely marked
 "with vicissitude.---I wish we had been
 "*earlier acquainted---*as *fellow sufferers*
 "in the same sad cause, we might have
 "made each other's burden lighter, and
 "sympathetically softened the terrors of
 "despair.---Our hearts caught together
 "almost imperceptibly.----I could have
 "loved you, Emily, because you were
 "unhappy; not that it was necessary
 "you should be so to secure my esteem,
 "it was only the means of strengthen-
 "ing my attachment to you---but you
 "may recover, and will, I hope, yet see
 "many happy days.----You are young,
 "like myself, but like me you have not
 "had such a trial as this last---God forbid
 "you ever should---do not weep for me,
 "Emily---think what a happy release I
 "shall have from a world of difficulties,
 "and remembering that I die a martyr

" to

“ to the infidelity of a *pretended friend*,
“ be cautious whom you confide in---
“ Women in general are *dangerous con-*
“ *fidants*, until *proved* in the schools of
“ *Adversity*; then only is it that they are
“ capable of feeling, and of administer-
“ ing that consolation we stand most in
“ need of.---As to Miss Frederick, most
“ sincerely do I forgive her---and may
“ God also forgive her---poor, unthink-
“ ing creature! she has been instrumental
“ to the ruin of *two* of us---and how
“ unequal is her triumph! how poor
“ the gratification which attends the
“ success of her artifices!-----

“ But what will become of my disap-
“ pointed parent---my best of fathers?---
“ He has been fondly expecting me every
“ day---Oh! how is this sad change to be
“ revealed to him!---Will you, my dear,
“ under-

“undertake the melancholy office?-----

“Tell him, for you know it *All*----tell

“him his poor forlorn child welcomed

“Death with calmness and resignation,

“and that her parting breath expressed

“a wish, in case PEMBROKE should fall,

“that *one* grave might receive us both.

“-----He once loved Mr. Pembroke,

“and I dare say will readily favor my

“request.

“With respect to that unfortunate

“young man, I wish not to see him---

“I can die easier without it.---I loved

“him, Emily, with an ardent, with an

“uncommon affection, but Providence

“was not pleased to grant me the hap-

“piness I sought for.---Perhaps, in pity

“to our kindred souls, we may be both

“summoned away at nearly the same

“juncture---there is something my dear

“in

“in that idea which rather revives my
 “desponding heart----I know not how
 “to describe it---but it feels like a fore-
 “boding of that felicity which awaits
 “us in a better world, where we shall
 “soon meet, never to part again.”---

Here the lovely girl imprinted a kiss
 on my hand, and with a smile of hea-
 venly complacency beckoned me to re-
 tire.---I returned her embrace---it was
 all I could do---Utterance was denied
 me---A livid pale began to overspread
 her countenance---the damps of death
 chilled her frame---she cast her half-
 opened eyes upon me---closed them---
 heaved one deep sigh---no more.---She
 expired at the instant!

It was twenty-five minutes after
 eleven.

Mr.

Mr. Pembroke survived his beloved Harriot but a few hours---his soul, impatient to meet her's, took its flight into happier regions at five o'clock the same day.

AND I, MY DEAR MATILDA, SHALL
SOON FOLLOW THEM!

Adieu.

EMILY B.

LETTER

LETTER XXVIII.

TO MR. SELWYN.

Purling Dale—September.

FIE upon those insensible souls who think it no disgrace to steal tamely off the stage of life, without the pleasing consciousness of having left *one* good action on record for posterity to admire. ----Certainly, Charles, generous deeds carry with them their own gratifications, and for such gratifications who would not labour in the service of Humanity?

Here have I been for the last three weeks, unremittingly engaged in a favourite project, wherein the happiness of two worthy young creatures was at stake---it was in the circle of humble life; but let not the proud world talk of di-

distinctions, rather let it be confessed that every heart is disposed to be susceptible, and those only are unnatural that have not the privilege of being so.

Fanny, blooming in her native charms, and just entering into her nineteenth year, happened at a neighbouring wake to catch the attention of *Stephen*.----*Stephen* was a lad of a thousand.----The lasses crimsoned if he noticed them, because *Stephen* was the Prince of the Set.---*Fenny* had put on her rose-coloured ribbon to attract him.----*Nancy* had pinned a bit of lilac in her bosom---and *Betty's* breast-knot was variegated with colours.---Ah silly maids---vain were your hopes of conquest.----*Fanny* had nothing ornamental about her, yet *Fanny* was the Queen of the day.

In that retired lane which leads from the wood to Farmer Goodwin's close, Stephen faltered out his tale---Fanny reddened---"she was happy in her single
 "state---young men were very apt to de-
 "ceive, and it was hard to say who was
 "sincere."-----Stephen hung down his
 head---"Can any deceive such a girl as
 "thee---I would tear out my heart if it
 "was capable of such ingratitude."---
 Fanny looked on him---Stephen's eye
 met hers-----both hung down their
 heads.-----

It rained---Fanny began to run---
 "I shall be wet."---"You shall not,
 "Fanny"---and he was taking off his
 coat---"Indeed Stephen, I won't have
 "it, *You will catch cold without it.*"-----

Ah Fortune---how dost thou delight
 sometimes to sport with mortals---
 Whence

Whence was it that a sordid jealousy subsisted between the parents of these lovers, because the Lord of the Manor had flown under the roof of one of them for shelter from a storm.---A week afterwards, a fresh lease was granted, and the rent reduced.---And *all this* happened to the parents of *Stephen*.

Fanny's father and mother groaned under an oppressive rent---because, the Steward took a liking to Fanny, and Fanny, poor girl, was virtuous.

Ten months had passed away since Stephen and Fanny first understood each other—in the course of which time they had contrived to meet together as often as possible, and thought their harmless interviews secure from observation---but there are seldom wanting, even in the most remote situations, busy meddlers
to

to propagate the tale of scandal.-----
Fanny's innocence was impeached---the
envious little souls of the parish sneered
at her---and Stephen was sometimes
necessitated to hear a coarse indecent jest
at Fanny's expence. The parents of
the damsel heard of it, and concerted
a scheme to revenge themselves on
Stephen :---A recruiting party was
at that time in the village---Stephen
was a likely fellow for a soldier---the
Captain was applied to---the youth was
marked out---he had been thrice disap-
pointed of seeing his Fanny according
to promise---the old people had locked
her up---he was vexed in his heart---he
had a thousand doubts----a thousand
fears---he drank to excess---and enlisted.

The news soon spread about the
place---Fanny heard, but believed it
not. She hoped it was a contrivance

F

to

to deceive her----poor maiden! can language describe thy feelings at the moment when thou witnessedst the gaudy emblems triumphant in thy Stephen's hat----when thou sawest him pale and trembling with confusion before thee!----poor Stephen----how didst thou turn away thy face---rave---and weep!

Fanny had eight shillings----it was all her hoard, but less than a guinea would not ransom her love---Stephen was poor---his parents were ill-tempered---his comrades led him away.

On the eve of this sad parting I was indulging myself as was my custom, with a solitary stroll---I had wandered into an unfrequented path---I paused to contemplate---a voice stole upon my ears----it sounded like distress----I listened----advancing further I discovered
from

from whence it came---under the covert of a low shady tree there sat a female form--I drew nearer--her eyes shone with the glistening of new-wiped tears---her head reclined upon her hand--her elbow rested on her knee-----she started at my appearance----I encouraged her to compose herself, and tell me the story of her wrongs.——There is a method of communing with the unfortunate which takes away every suspicion of idle curiosity----“ She thought I looked like a good Gentleman, and every good Gentleman was a friend to the friendless”——she told her story—told it so pathetically that I believe----- (ridicule me ye unfeeling souls and welcome)----I believe I dropt a tear to the recital-----

I had some acquaintance with the Lieutenant of the party----he was a young officer, but knew himself---I

ventured to interpose---(I had promised Fanny to do so)---he smiled at the nature of my business---we drank a bottle of port together---Stephen was liberated.

Having interested myself so far successfully, I was encouraged to persevere. The Lovers fell at my feet and wept----“God forbid, Fanny”, said Stephen, “that Innocence should always want a Friend---if there were not some worthy souls in the world it would not be worth living in-----Oh Sir---help me Fanny to bless the Gentleman”---

I left them and went to the old people. Mr. Lefevre, at my request, accompanied me-----they revered him-----“What is the matter between neighbour *Harrow* and you?”---Fanny’s mother complained of a partiality---Mr. Lefevre was intimate with the ‘Squire---
he

he undertook to speak to him----the
 'Squire himself was a poor man's friend
 ----their wishes were complied with----
 all cause of animosity was done away.

There was a small farm vacant in
 the neighbourhood----it had been occu-
 pied by a young couple, who had just
 left it for a larger.----“If Fanny and I
 “were married,” said Stephen, “with
 “God's blessing I could make that farm
 “turn to account”----“and I,” said
 Fanny, “could manage the dairy.”

“Then give 'em your consent,” said
 Mr. Lefevre to the Old Folks----“They
 “love one another dearly, and I will
 “be bound for their doing well toge-
 “ther.”-----

This was decisive---the parents looked
 up to Mr. Lefevre as an Oracle---his de-

crees were definite---he had only to *approve*, and every thing was *right*.

The next Sunday fortnight was fixed on to be the happy day.---It arrived, and early in the morning *Stephen* led his blushing *Fanny* to the Altar, through a concourse of envious spectators.

They have taken possession of the farm, and seem to live only for each other.---I sometimes drop in, and surprise the fond pair indulging in the harmless dalliance of conjugal affection. I contemplate their union with heartfelt satisfaction, inasmuch as it promises a source of that genuine felicity which can only arise from a happy mutuality of affection, and is therefore seldom to be met with but in those humbler circles where innocence and simplicity prevail.

I had

* * * * *

I had other matters to write to thee upon, Charles, but having brought my story to a conclusion, I am loth to enter upon any new subject----I shall therefore take leave for the present, assuring thee how sincerely I remain

Thine,

CLEVELAND.

F 4

LETTER

LETTER XXIX.

TO MRS. SELWYN.

Matlock.

OH! Mrs. Selwyn, now, indeed, I suspect the dear sufferer has prophesied too truly---she made an attempt to write to you yesterday, but fainted with the fatigue of it, and was obliged to be put to bed---the sweet soul meets her approaching dissolution with the happiest resignation, and has most earnestly intreated me not to suffer my grief for the loss of her, to make me insensible to the duty I owe my father, who will himself stand in need of every
con-

consolation----I was fearful of your anxiety at not hearing from her as she promised *, and therefore snatched a moment to forward these unwelcome tidings.

CAROLINE B.

* This Letter from Emily does not appear.

LETTER

LETTER XXX.

TO THE SAME.

Matlock—Sunday.

DR. P----- has just left her, and in answer to my earnest inquiries, assures me her decline is of such a nature, and appears so far gone, that he dare not flatter me with any hopes, although it is not improbable but she may yet languish many days---I bear this with astonishing composure, but good God! what will become of me if I lose her---I dare not think of it.

CAROLINE B.

LETTER

LETTER XXXI.

TO THE SAME.

Matlock—Friday.

ALL IS OVER-----and the dear soul is now rejoicing in those regions of Saints and Angels it was so fitted to assemble with.---Oh! Mrs. Selwyn, this beloved sister---this valuable friend is NO MORE---she expired this morning between ten and eleven, and preserved the same sweet placidity to the last---there needs no description of my distracted state---language is indeed unequal to it.

CAROLINE B.

P. S. It was the dear Departed's dying injunctions, that the inclosed Letter should be forwarded to Mr. Cleveland---Will you undertake that trouble?

LETTER XXXII.

(POSTHUMOUS.)

TO MR. CLEVELAND.

NOW, Cleveland, will you be convinced of the sincerity of my attachment?--Now, will you believe how *permanent*, how *ardent* my affection was?--Now, will you drop a tear to my memory, since, before this reaches you, EMILY will be *no more*.----Heaven has graciously terminated my state of probation, and, I humbly hope, has accepted my earnest repentance.----REMEMBER then, thou DEAR Young Man, (still I feel that I am frail)---Remember, *this* is what thou must come to!----thy few gay years may pass away like the sun-shine of Summer, but a terrible Winter will at length steal upon thee!-----Oh, then, be warned in time.

time.-----Cleveland, relinquish thy vain pursuits---look forward to that period (for it may too soon arrive) when pale-eyed sickness shall hover round thy bed, and doom thee to the terrors of reflexion----thy favourite associates, the giddy companions of thy mis-spent moments, fearful to behold what themselves must shortly be, will one and all, abandon thee to despair.-----Then, *too late*, will thy long-deluded reason return, and urge thee to untimely repentance----but if we remember not our Creator in the days of our youth, when health and pleasure await us, to apply to him from a Death-Bed, will be indeed unavailing.----MARK THIS IMPORTANT TRUTH AND BE PERSUADED!

-----Yet a little longer, Cleveland, and I am silent FOR EVER.----Perhaps when I am gone, the busy, malignant world,

world, ever ready to condemn, will reflect on the Man I LOVED---but it will be a false, a cruel accusation!---- . . --- Since the fatal vicissitude in my father's affairs, my health has been gradually declining---my constitution, naturally delicate and tender, could ill brook such a reverse of fortune.---Then the blow was given---and though I confess I felt most severely the unhappy issue of our connexion, yet I believe I should have overcome it, had *that* been my only misfortune.-----

And now, Farewel!---

EMILY B.

LETTER

LETTER XXXIII.

TO MR. SELWYN.

Purling Dale—September.

NO-Charles-----thou art mistaken as to the effect of violent surprize on a mind furnished with philosophy! Thy letter, with the awful inclosure, has reached me; and there was a time when in the weakness of distress I might have sunk under such a calamity, but that period is happily past-----Religion triumphs in her turn, and has taught me to bow to the dispensations of MY GOD.

Poor---injured, love-despoiled Emily!
---generous to the last---but how cruel in that generosity!---how deeper has it fixed the dart of contrition, and aggravated the pangs it was intended to allay!

We

We had just got home from a little pleasurable excursion, and were cheerfully recounting the incidents of the day---the bell at the outer gate rang, and curiosity led us to the window.---A letter was delivered to my servant, which he brought into the room and presented to me----I trembled as I received it---The fable wax, which is the general harbinger of sadness, first gave the alarm---I tore it open, and run my eyes hastily over it---at the word DEAD I remember my hand sunk with the paper, and rested involuntarily upon my knee----I recovered myself, and cast an awkward look about the room---Charlotte was watching me---I rose, and apologizing to the company, took a solitary stroll into the garden---Methought the roaring of the distant water-fall was unusually solemn, and the trees and shrubs bore an aspect of melancholy.--I opened

opened the door of the summer-house, and the creaking of the hinges startled me.----There is a something like Hope which we are apt to indulge in the first visitation of grief, without knowing what it is---I thought I might be mistaken---I read---my surprize abated---I was more collected---I could recognize the writing of the lovely Saint with composure---and yet when I reflected that the dear hand was cold and lifeless which had so generously sealed my pardon, even at its latest hour, Nature rushed into my eyes, and melted into a deluge of tears.

It grew dark, and I returned to the family-----Candles were not brought in, but Charlotte had penetration enough to discover my emotion, and with that sympathetic tenderness which charms the soul into confidence, enquired what had

had happened to discompose me---I promised to unbosom the sad secret to her the next day, and the subject was immediately suspended.

True to my promise, I revealed the whole to her in the morning, and found my heart considerably relieved and lightened by the disclosure ----This amiable girl mingles her censure with pity, and sweetly rebuking me for past errors, draws the happiest inferences from my reformation.

Oh! Charles, how ungrateful is it to insist that human life has no real enjoyments----Is not the sincerity of a friend rapture indescribable?

I sat down a few days since to give thee the sequel of the story of Maria
Wil-

Wilmington *, but met with an interruption-----at present, the story of my *own heart* claims the pre-eminence, and I can but ill reconcile myself to trace the tale of another's misfortunes.---I shall therefore make it the subject of a future letter.

Adieu.

CLEVELAND.

* This will appear in a Second Volume of these Fragments, now preparing for the press.

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T

E L E G Y

ON THE DEATH OF THE LADY.

*(Annexed to the manuscript, and supposed to be written by
Mr. Cleveland.)*

WHY tolls the village bell in solemn sound?
Why sinks my heart furcharg'd with mighty
care?

Why gaze the Throng in weeping silence round—
Sullen with grief, and frantic with despair?

Ah!

Ah! me—perhaps it bodes th'untimely end
 Of some pale virgin, to the tomb consign'd;
 Some honor'd parent, or lamented friend,
 Snatch'd by the ruthless tyrant of mankind.

Come, pensive Mule—meek Child of Sorrow, hail!

Oh! touch with trembling strains thy fav'rite
 lyre:

In soften'd verse record the plaintive tale,

'Breath the warm wish—and pour the fond
 desire.'

And thou sweet SYMPATHY!—indulgent Maid!

Whose welcome smile suspends the gloom of woe,

Oh! come—in all thy native charms array'd,

Nurse the big drop, and bid it gently flow.

And

And ye—whose bosoms of superior mould,
Are taught no gen'rous impulse to conceal,
But when the tale of human grief is told,
Instinctive soften—and grow proud to feel.—

Ye—whose fine hearts with purer passions glow,
And melting Nature's genial balm supply,
Oh! come—and, faithful to domestic woe,
Witness its plaints, and spare it sigh for sigh.

Here no feign'd sorrows, swell'd with study'd
art,
From fond Humanity shall steal a tear—
The faithful Bard accepts an humbler part,
Heaves his full breast, and feels the throb
sincere.

Midnight

Midnight had lull'd the tranquil world to rest,
 And rob'd the earth in one expansive shade—
 The sick Moon wanton'd on THAMES' silver
 breast *,
 And transient gleams of doubtful light display'd.

I bore me, musing, through the lengthen'd way—
 Erst the dear path of happiness and truth—
 But now had sorrow mark'd life's early day,
 And sorely press'd on my devoted youth!

Perhaps, indulgent to a pleasing pain,
 —I sought in solitude relief to prove,
 —Perhaps I mourn'd a friendship try'd in vain,
 —Perhaps a pang of disappointed Love.

* The Lady was interred in a village near London.

No breezy Zephyrs, stealing through the dale,
Disturb'd the stillness of the scene around;
The dull Owl, only, scream'd her cheerless tale—
And distant barkings dy'd in feeble sound.

Yet the sweet Bird of Night, with wonted care,
Would sometimes pour her solitary lay,
Repeat her story to the dreary air,
And waste her warblings on the desert spray.

—“ Ah! lovely mourner, why dost thou complain,
And, like me, wand'ring from the busy Throng,
Like me, familiar to the melting strain,
Recount thy sorrows in successful song.”

G

—But

—But now the Moon diffus'd a brighter ray,
 And distant hills with chequer'd shadows
 crown'd—

—I paus'd to view the wild, impervious way,
 And turn'd, forlorn, my ling'ring eyes around.

Swift to my sight arose a thicken'd shade,
 Where aged Cypress rear'd its hollow head—
 Where heaps of turf in gen'ral ruin laid,
 Proclaim'd the mansions of the silent dead.

† A few stanzas are here defaced.

The

The bell struck *one*—and pierc'd my trembling
frame,

Whilst with slow steps I rang'd the Church-Yard
o'er—

—Where sculptur'd marbles, deckt for future fame,
The specious verse—the flatt'ring record bore.

One tomb there was with modest neatness plac'd,
Near where a verdant Willow drooping grew,
Form'd with no pride, with no rich trophies grac'd,
And only shelter'd by the withering Yew.

Some Bard, untutor'd, strove in humble lay
To speak the sorrow of a friend sincere,
To mark from common dust the hallow'd clay,
And fondly bathe it with a falling tear.

But Oh! shall language, all unequal, try
To tell what horrors fill'd my guilty breast—
How tyrant Conscience forc'd the bursting sigh,
And on my heart the load of mis'ry prest—

When the cold stone display'd EMELIA's name—
EMELIA—loveliest of the Virgin Throng;
The fairest Nymph that liv'd to modern fame,
Or claim'd the subject of the Poet's song—

Ah! why did Nature, when resolv'd to prove
The purest pattern of a perfect Fair,
Teach her—(unhappy science!) how to love,
And leave her lost in destitute despair!

What

What bleeding relatives have view'd her tomb!

What friends have taught their streaming tears
to flow!

—Oh! hide me, earth, in thy voracious womb,
Nor spare the wretch that caus'd this mighty
woe! §

§ The rest of the Elegy is wanting.

The EPITAPH.

150 LOVE FRAGMENTS.

The E P I T A P H.

HERE, EARLY FREED FROM SUBLUNARY CARE,
REST THE DEAR RELICKS OF A FAV'RITE MAID,
WHOSE YIELDING SOFTNESS PROV'D HER FATAL SNARE—
BY LOVE SUBDU'D—BY LOVE SHE WAS BETRAY'D.

SHOULD THE FALSE YOUTH OBSERVE THIS LONELY FANE—
HE, FOR WHOSE SAKE THE BLEEDING VIRGIN SIGN'D—
“KNOW, TO THY HEART-FELT ANGUISH, FAITHLESS
SWAIN,

FOR THERE SHE LIV'D—FOR THERE, ALONE, SHE DY'D.”



